

BLUE AND PINK RIBBON

By Mary Monroe.

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For 15 years Miss Martha and Miss Mary had inhabited the big old house on the hill, at the top of the village street, and neither had spoken to the other. And nobody in Grantford had ever learned the cause of their dispute.

That it was a triviality nobody doubted. But the Misses Grant were



"I Hope Mary Will Remember to Lock the Door."

growing old, and old ladies are often peculiar in their ways, especially old ladies who come of proud New England stock and have grown up and passed three-quarters through life within the limits of a little township. And if it had not been for Maud, the home might have been disrupted.

When the only brother died, leaving a little girl, the sisters, then in the

second year of their quarrel, had each written asking John's executor for the privilege of caring for the orphaned niece. So Maud had come to the home, and from the first she had accustomed herself to the peculiar state of affairs in that family.

It was convenient to say what you wished to say through the intermediary of a third person, instead of having to soliloquize. For instance, "Maud, dear, I think I should like stewed pears for dessert on Sunday," is a more decent way of putting the fact forth than gazing abstractedly through the door and murmuring: "Pears! Pears! I wonder whether there will be stewed pears on Sunday."

It was when Maud Grant married John Springer, the doctor, that the wrench came. If Maud had only known it, the old aunts were so chastened by her approaching departure that she could have made them friends. All she would have had to do would have been to have placed one mittened old hand into another mittened old hand and have said: "Won't you be friends, just for my sake, Aunt Mary and Aunt Martha?"

But then the young do not realize these things, nor the influence that they possess over the old.

So Maud went to live in the new house at the bottom of the hill, as Mrs. John Springer; and, though she climbed the hill often, the old ladies were sadly disconsolate at her loss. They fell back into the habit of soliloquizing; it was, in fact, just the same as conversation, only it was carried on in the first person only. Thus:

"I think I shall go out for a stroll. I hope Mary will remember to lock the door and put the key under the mat."

"I wonder whether the mat is a safe place to put the key under. I always hang it on the nail beside the window, where a burglar wouldn't be so apt to look."

But after a while Maud did not